BYELORUSSIAN YOUTH
БЕЛАРУСКАЯ МОЛАДЗЬ

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Folk dance Miacielica
(Straw Incrustation)

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ATTENTION! INTERESTED BYELORUSSIAN YOUTH!

Here is a chance for all of you to come right out with what you think & feel. All it takes is a little time, a few good ideas, a memory here & there, & a little bit of patience to sit down & work things out . . .

For some time now, your *Youth* magazine has been sharing with you a variety of reading material. Excerpts from Byelorussian history, pieces from the works of famous Byelorussian writers, current news events to bring you up to date on what's happening in the different communities, letters from all of you readers, & poetry.

You may or may not have been reading the poetry. If not, you've been missing some pretty good stuff. But then again, you may have been reading it, & liking it or not liking it. And maybe, you've even had the thought that you too wouldn't mind writing a few lines of poetry. If so, here's your chance! . . .

Starting with the next issue, *Byelorussian Youth* magazine is opening up a more expanded poetry & imaginative writing department. This will mean poetry & more imaginative prose . . . By poetry, we mean, anything that comes in verse form. It can be a little tale with rhyming lines, it can describe a feeling or first impression of something, or it can deal with memories, dreams & plans, likes or dislikes, etc.

But, if you don't think that writing poetry is up your alley, try the other choice. Imaginative prose. By that we mean short little stories with a beginning, a middle & an end. The stories could be about something that actually happened to you or to someone you know, or they could be about something completely made-up. Use your imagination!

Here Are Some Suggested Topics:

1. First impressions of: my first soccer game,
   my first long trip away from home,
   rain in the winter-time,
   a Byelorussian picnic,
   my very first date,
   little brothers and sisters, etc.

2. A dream (or daydream) that keeps coming back.
3. What I like best from Mom's cooking.
4. Why I like or dislike flowers.
5. What the Byelorussian flag means to me.
6. What my father, mother or grandparents have told me about the Old Country.
7. What I think of when I see a dead bird on the ground.
8. The name I was born with & how I got it.
9. People who talk too much and what I think of them.
10. My favorite game.

These, after all, are only suggestions. You probably can think of many more. Give your brain a try; you might come up with something really good.

YOU MIGHT EVEN WIN A NICE PRIZE! (more details later).

Send your poems or stories to:
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1984: *A PROSE POEM*

bushes & beasts. & among the trees, shadowed figures,
crouched & evil-smelling. in the moonlight, they drag loads
in sacks behind them. . . I watch through the window of my
little cubicle. the candle burns low, walls resound with the
cold of november skies, & I can feel my belly grumbling for
a bit of bread & meat. the past countless weeks, the only comp-
any I've had are official announcements on the telescreen.
the accursed Eye that watches me, reads my thoughts, & slowly
destroys my notions of hope & time.
one day, there will be a
knock on the door. hard & imposing. there will be shuffling feet
& a voice, harsh & cold . . . I fear that day. I haven't been
preparing myself for it. I've let my thoughts wander over these
many days, drawing no conclusions, making no decisions. time
& hope are indeed destroyed, & I picture my body being dragged
through the streets & the trees in a sack. & I picture my
eyes, sunken & waning, somewhere in the sky beyond the clouds,
where all, at last, is peace & all, relief.

andrei gosciejew

FROM BENEATH THE GALLOWS

"Fight my people, for your human and national rights, for your faith for your native land; for I am telling you from beneath the gallows, that only then will you live in happiness, when Moscow will no longer rule over you."

To the present day reader, the above sentence probably sounds commonplace, or even hackneyed; typical of the rhetoric used by a Hungarian Freedom Fighter, or a Czechoslovakian Freedom Fighter, or the countless number of Freedom Fighters who agitate for the release of their homeland from the tenacious claws of the "Russian Bear". The above words are not the words of a contemporary anticommunist, but the words of a 19th century revolutionary. Herein lies the importance of the above words, for they illustrate how little Russian Expansionist policy has changed in the last one hundred years.

The above is an excerpt from "The Letter from Beneath the Gallows" written by the young Byelorussian revolutionary Kastus Kalinouski. "The Letter from Beneath the Gallows" was written shortly before Kalinouski's death by hanging. The letter was, and continues to be, a source of inspiration for Byelorussians to continue the struggle against Moscow until Byelorussia is free from Russian oppression.

Kastus Kalinouski was born in the village of Mastaulany in the province of Horadzien (Grodno) in the year 1838. Though he was only the son of a petty landlord, he managed to obtain a higher education at St. Petersburg University where he studied law. Upon his return to Byelorussia from St. Petersburg, Kastus Kalinouski became involved in the revolutionary movement against Moscow.

He immediately assumed a position of leadership among the insurgents in Grodno province, and began to publish the first Byelorussian newspaper in history, *Muszyckaya Prauda* (The Peasant's Truth) in which he clamored for the restoration of the former Grand Duchy of Litva. Since printing in the Byelorussian language was outlawed in 1859 by Russia, the newspaper was printed illegally and Kalinouski, in order not to be discovered, used a variety of pseudonyms. The most famous was "Jasko haspadar z pad Vilni", loosely translated as "Johnnie farmer from around Vilna." This was the very pseudonym Kalinouski used in his "Letter from Beneath the Gallows". *The Peasants Truth* is acknowledged to be the single most important series of published documents during this era of Byelorussian history.



Painting by Peter Syarhyeyevich

Kastus Kalinouski salutes Byelorussian insurgents

In January of 1863 a series of uprisings against the Tzarist government took place. The Byelorussians were not alone, for the Lithuanians and the Poles also agitated for their independence from Russia. Both peasants and nobles took part in the uprising. It is estimated that as many as 75,000 Byelorussian peasants took part in the uprising which lasted for as many as seven years throughout Byelorussia; however, its culmination was in 1863, though there were reports of skirmishes in the Miensk region as late as 1870.

Russian troops were dispatched to the Grodno province on January 11, 1863 where they crushed the meagerly armed insurgents. Once the main detachment of insurgents was crushed, Kalinouski had no choice but to flee to nearby Vilna, where he immediately became the leader of the Vilna insurgents. Later he became the leader of the uprising of all Byelorussia and Lithuania, the former Grand Duchy of Litva.

Kalinouski managed to conceal himself from the Russian army for a number of months; however, a captured insurgent betrayed Kalinouski by telling the Russian officials that Kalinouski resided at the church buildings of St. Jan's in Vilna. The Tzarist army immediately surrounded St. Jan s, disarmed Kalinouski, and arrested him. A military court sentenced him to hang.

When the sentence was read aloud on the day of the hanging, March 22, 1864 at the gallows in Vilna, Kalinouski was addressed as "nobleman

YOUTH

Upon you, our youth, lie the hopes
Of our saddened and conquered land;
Your aquiline flight will disperse the sullenness
And will light the eternal flame.

You'll awaken the dormant strength
And beckon the countryside from bondage
With forgotten unknown graves
To the illuminating sun, and stars.

Upon your ancestors' burial mounds, you the youth,
Will ascend to unobtained preeminence,
That will expand your riches
Countrywide and as far as the eye can see.

You will not have frightening misfortunes,
Mad enemies, their hatred:
Fate, truth comes from thunder and lightening
Your spark animates the battle.

Summon your aquiline strength, youth!
Force the whirling wind in the other direction,
Take the torch, and follow your destiny,
Spread the sacrosanct word: Беларусь !

Translation of *Janka Kupala's* "Моладзь" (Youth) by Irene Azarko Somerset, New Jersey.

BRIEF COMMENTARY:

The poem "Моладзь" was written by Janka Kupala January 1, 1914 however, it is quite relevant to 1974. The poem expresses the importance of youth in expanding and strengthening the beliefs that a true Byelorussia does indeed exist. It is we the youth who are always the leaders to come and, therefore the epitome of things to be accomplished.

Irene Azarko

Konstantin Kalinouski" but Kalinouski cried out: "We have no noblemen. we are all equal!"

One hundred and ten years later, legend has it that flowers are still brought to his grave by people throughout Byelorussia. One hundred and ten years later, Byelorussians still fight for their freedom, urged on by Kastus Kalinouski from beneath the gallows.

George Azarko

Anatol Zubr

THE FIRST

(This novelette was written in the Soviet Union and brought to the United States to be printed for the first time. It is dedicated to the first astronaut who orbited the earth.)

The plane was losing altitude. Red flames crept along the wings reaching into the cockpit. It was getting hot inside. The smoke burned their eyes.

"Jump!" shouted the Colonel, but the pilot only tightened His grip on the joy stick. The Colonel grasped His hand and pointed to the hatch. He calmly loosened the Colonel's grip.

The houses ahead of them looked like matchboxes, but they were getting larger rapidly. With the glance of an experienced pilot He saw that if they jumped now, the plane would crash right into the middle of this little village.The vision of His native Byelorussian village near Smalensk flashed through His memory — no; this was not it, but still — a village meant people . . . .

He pulled the joy stick with all His strength. The burning plane shuddered, as if in fever, and obeyed the command. One could see a group of children gathering in the street, looking up curiously at the plane.

"I've got to miss them . . ."

"Jump!" yelled the Colonel right into His ear, "I'm going . . ."

The pilot's hands froze on the joy stick . . . .

The plane missed the village. The ground rushed towards them. Flames were filling the cockpit. He looked at the Colonel and nodded, as though encouraging him.

Then . . . . Then the earth seemed so soft as the nose of the plane cut into it, just like a knife through butter. Then . . . . Then there was an explosion. The Earth trembled and received Their bodies. Eternity embraced Them. Thundering, the Cosmos whispered,

"You are the First . . . You are the First who visited me . . . You are my First godson . . . Why were you in doubt, my little fool?"

***

The restaurant door opened and four civilians walked in. Two of them with military bearing confidently turned to a table in the corner. The other two, wearing airplane mechanic's coveralls, hesitated at the door. It looked as though they were here for the first time.

The restaurant was empty, not a customer in sight. The four barely had time to sit down, when a young waitress was already at their table with her order book.

"The usual," barked the first Executioner with the military air. One could see that he was the superior of the two. The other two Executioners in the coveralls were looking around, getting used to the unfamiliar surroundings.

Meanwhile, as if through magic, there appeared on the table a bottle of vodka and a large bowl of red caviar. The bottle was covered with frost, having just been taken out of the freezer. The second Executioner with the military air lavishly buttered the bread and covered it thickly with caviar.

The first Executioner poured the drinks with an experienced hand, and put them in front of the others. Then he got up and raised his glass above his waist, as though signaling to the others that they should do the same.

The Executioners jumped to their feet and silently clicked their glasses. Just as quietly they swallowed the vodka and sat down again. The caviar stuffed their mouths, cracking pleasantly on their teeth. They already felt the frosty warmth of the vodka somewhere above their stomachs.

"Just like at a funeral feast," said one of the executioner technicians.

"It was lucky that They missed the village. If not, you and I would kiss our heads goodbye," replied the other Executioner with the military air.

Again, the glasses were filled. Again, thick slices of bread were buttered and covered with caviar. The tongues of the Executioners were getting loose.

"Too bad for the Colonel. He really got it for nothing," squeaked one of the technicians with his mouth full of caviar.

"I think he was pretty lucky," said the first Executioner, almost talking to himself. "He will now be known the world over. Not everybody gets the honor to die with the First, especially this kind of a First."

"But what would have happened if They had jumped?" asked the other Executioner with the military air, obviously not very well informed.

"The hatch could only open one way — to get in. That was pretty tricky to do," said one of the Executioner technicians smiling proudly.

Hot food was brought to the table. The aroma of broiled pork chops filled the air. Frosty vodka, hot food, toasts. Then again frosty vodka, hot food, toasts; then again . . . again . . . The smell of broiled pork filled the room. It was getting hot. The frosty vodka was warming their insides. The technicians one at a time visited the washroom to take a leak. Once both of them got up to go, but the first Executioner barked at them,

"One at a time. You can't go together."

The technicians looked at each other. An uneasy suspicion flashed between them. But again there were full glasses, more toasts, and all suspicions were forgotten.

The waitress took away the pork chops and brought different food; however, the smell of pork lingered at the table.

"Maybe we shouldn't have done it," murmured one of the technicians doubtfully.

"We saved His name," said the lower ranking military Executioner.

"Shut up!" yelled the first Executioner. But they could not stay quiet for long. The vodka was getting to all of them.

"And why shouldn't they know? They'll never tell anybody. Right, fellows, you won't tell?" asked the second Executioner, looking at the technicians.

"I don't think they will," said the first Executioner.

This sounded like permission to talk.

"You know, the First began to doubt whether or not He really was the First. He started doing a lot of research, and kept a diary of sorts. Then He asked for a long vacation, and guess where He wanted to go? Abroad! This wouldn't have been so bad if He hadn't asked to take His whole family along . . . ."

"No doubt about it, we did the right thing for His own and His family's sake. In fact, it is better for the whole world. We saved Him for all of mankind," insisted the first Executioner falteringly.

Waving to and fro, the Executioners rose and clicked their glasses.

"Let's make the last toast — to the First," uttered four discordant throats. Winking at each other conspiratively, and satisfied with themselves, they emptied their glasses.

The young waitress quickly cleared the table. It was getting late, and yet, not a single customer had showed up throughout the entire evening. The two technicians could barely stand. This variety and quantity of food and drink, possibly for the first time in their lives, made them heavy and awkward.

With the table already cleared, the first Executioner with the military air paid the bill. As before, the evil smell of broiled pork lingered in the air. All four one at a time visited the washroom to take a leak and stepped outside. It was near midnight.

"We sure have a long way to go," said one of the technicians. "First the train, then we've got quite a walk."

"Well, we'll take you to the train," assured the first Executioner.

With this they walked away unsteadily. The first Executioner with the military air led the procession. The two technicians followed him, while the second Executioner with the military air brought up the rear. Soon the railroad station could be seen in the distance.

***

All of Moscow was mourning the First. The urns with His and the Colonel's remains were carried by the highest government officials all the way to the Kremlin wall. Their families were crying. Many in the crowd also sobbed.

In all corners of the globe there were those who cried in front of their TV sets. The world was burying the First, and along with him the Colonel.

Once in a while, faces of various officials who kept order in the crowd flashed across the screen. Among them were the faces of both of the Executioners with the military air. They were gently supporting the widow of the First.

**

On the same day, in one of Moscow's suburbs, a funeral was held for the two technicians. It was a pity. It looked as though they had had one too many after pay day and fell asleep side by side on the railroad tracks near the station. The engineer did not see them in the darkness until it was too late. Many villagers gathered around to look at the bloody flesh on the rails. The ambulance took what remained of their bodies to the morgue.

Villagers doubted that the families of the two technicians would receive death pensions or other help. Really, why should anybody pay them for getting drunk like swines. Gossip had it that there was a strong evil odor of broiled pork near the death scene, long after the mishap.

**

At the official funeral reception, the managers found themselves running back and forth. Later, they had some food brought to them in the hall.

Nerves. Everyone has them, even those with a military air. Both of the Executioners drank themselves to unconsciousness. Two other men with military bearing made sure that their glasses were always full.

The families of the First and the Colonel left the reception early. All the VIP's left right after them. The managers, actually the menials, really let loose, singing and yelling, completely forgetting where they were and why they came.

The party ended late. The two Executioners and two Non-executioners were the last to leave. The first Non-executioner led the procession, followed by the two Executioners, and then the second Non-executioner. . . .

They walked far away from the Kremlin. Suddenly, a truck came at them from around the corner. Headlights, like two evil eyes, looked straight at them. All four, blinded by the harsh light, stood paralyzed gazing into the roaring yellow glare.

БЕЛАРУСКІЯ НАРОДНЫЯ ПРЫКАЗКІ

Навука ня мучыць, а жыць вучыць.
Навука — ня піва, у рот не ўвальлеш.
Навуку за плячыма ня носяць.
Розум не сякера — не пазычыш.
Розуму не набярэшся, калі з дурнем павядзешся.
Чужым розумам недалёка заедзеш.
Трапіцца і найразумнейшаму здурнець.

МУЗЫКА — ЧАРАДЗЕЙ

Беларуская народная казка

Быў адзін Музыка. З маленства ён нічога не рабіў, толькі йграў.

Яшчэ будучы хлапчуком, пасе, бывала, валоў або коней, зробіць з лазы дудачку ды й як зайграе, дык валы пакінуць пасьвіцца, разьвесяць вушы ды й слухаюць. А ў лесе птушкі прыціхнуць, нават жабы ня крумкаюць.

А як павядзе коней на начлег, — лета, ночы цёплыя, аж парыць, — папрыводзяць да дубровы коней хлапцы, дзяўчаты з усяго сяла сваволяць, сьмяюцца, пяюць песьні, — ведама, маладосьць, заўжды весела, — а Музыка як зайграе на сваёй дудачцы, дык адразу ўсе прыціхнуць.

Вось ім здаецца, што якаясь слодыч улілася ў іхнае сэрца, а якаясь сіла ўхапіла іх на плечы й нясе ўсё ўгору і ўгору, да ясных зораў, у чыстае неба, — у чыстае, сіняе, шырокае неба.

Сядзяць яны, нічога ня думаюць, забыліся, што рукі й ногі млеюць ад цяжкае працы, што ў жываце бурчыць ад голаду. Сядзяць і ўсё слухаюць.

І хацелася-б ім сядзець гэтак усё жыцьцё і ўсё слухаць, як іграе Музыка.

Вось ён замаўчыць. Але ніхто ня сьмее пашевялуцца, каб не спалохаць таго голасу, што пошчакам рассыпаўся па дуброве, па лесе, падымаецца ў самае неба.

Але вось зайграе Музыка жаласьліва: і заплачуць, і лес і дуброва, набяжыць хмарка, і зь неба сьлёзкі так і пальлюцца. Ідуць позна да гасподы мужыкі й бабы, учуюць тую музыку, стануць, слухаюць, плачуць.

Вось так усё іх горкае жыцьцё перад вачыма й стаіць, і такі іх апануе жаль, што і мужыкі — старыя, барадатыя мужыкі, — плачуць, як бабы над нябожчыкам, або як праводзяць сынкоў у маскалі.

Але вось па немалым часе Музыка ад жаласьлівага ды на вясёлае зьверне. Пакідаюць мужыкі й бабы косы, граблі, вілы, гаршкі й біклагі, возьмуцца ў бакі й давай скакаць.

Скачуць малыя дзеці, скачуць коні, скачуць кусты і лес, скачуць зоркі, скачуць хмаркі — усё скача й сьмяецца.

Вось такі-то быў Музыка Чарадзей — што захоча, то ён з сэрцам зробіць!

Падрос Музыка, зрабіў сабе скрыпачку і пайшоў у сьвет.

Куды прыйдзе — паграе, а за тое яго накормяць, напояць, як самага лепшага госьця і яшчэ дадуць на дарогу. Доўга хадзіў так па сьвеце, весяліў добрых людзей, а ліхім без нажа рэзаў па сэрцы.

Бачаць чэрці, што куды Музыка ні прыдзе, там менш людзі гра-

шаць, і давай вастрыць на яго зубы.

Ідзе раз Музыка праз лес, а чэрці й наслалі на яго дванаццаць галодных ваўкоў. Заступілі яны Музыцы ў лесе дарогу, стаяць ды зубамі ляскаюць, а вочы гараць, як гарачае вугольле. Няма ў Музыкі нічога ў рукох, толькі пад пазухай у мяшэчку скрыпка.

— Што тут рабіць? — думае Музыка. — Што тут пачаць? — Прыйшоў яму канец!

Дастаў ён з мяшэчка скрыпку й смык, каб хаця яшчэ раз напасьледак пайграць, прысланіўся да дзерава ды й пацягнуў смыкам па струнах. Як жывая, загаварыла скрыпка, раздаўся пошчак па лесе. Прытаіўся лес і лістком не варухне, а ваўкі як стаялі разяв'ўшы горла, так і акамянелі: стаяць ды слухаюць, а сьлёзы так і цякуць з воўчых вачэй.

Перастаў Музыка йграць, а ваўкі, бы сонныя, пасунулі ў лес.

Пайшоў Музыка далей.

Ідзе ён ды ідзе, падыходзіць да ракі. Сонейка ўжо закацілася за лес, толькі яшчэ сьвеціць на самыя вярхі й як-бы аблівае іх пазалотаю. Ціха, як у вусе, — ніводзін лісток не варухнецца. Вельмі харошы вечар.

Сеў Музыка на камень на крутым беразе каля ракі, дастаў сваю скрыпачку й зайграў, ды так гожа, што яго заслухаліся і неба і зямля, і вада, і давай усе скакаць.

Зоркі мітусяцца як зімою сьнег, хмаркі плаваюць па небе, як ластаўкі перад дажджом, а рыба так узгулялася, што рака кіпіць, як вада ў гаршчку.

Але вось падняўся ў раце Вадзяны Цар ды як пачаў скакаць, дык вада так заплюскала, што заліла берагі, а чэрці спалохаліся й павыскаквалі з вады.

Бачаць яны, што ім ад Музыкі нідзе супакою няма. Вось яны давай думаць, як-бы яго загубіць.

Музыка-ж паглядзеў, што Вадзяны Цар нарабіў людзям бяды, перастаў іграць, палажыў скрыпачку ў мяшок і хацеў ісьці далей. Але вось падходзяць два панічы й просяць пайграць на ігрышчы, абяцаюць заплаціць, што захоча. Падумаў Музыка, што яму нелзе начаваць ды й грошай няма, паслухаў панічоў і пайшоў зь імі йграць вечарынку.

Прынялі панічы Музыку ў палацы. Бачыць ён, аж там паноў і паненак, хоць гаць гаці. Покуль ён зьбіраўся йграць, заўважыў, што ўсе панічы падбягуць да стала, памочаць палец у місу й мажуць сабе вочы. Памазаў і ён. Ды як памазаў, дык і бачыць, што гэта не паны, а чэрці і ведзьмы, і што ён не ў палацы, а ў пекле.

Вось і зайграў ён ім ды так, што ўсё пекла разьляцелася ў шчэпкі, а чэрці зь піскам, ды візгам разьбегліся па ўсім сьвеце.

Вось з тае пары чэрці й баяцца Музыкі й больш яго не чапаюць.

BYELORUSSIANS IN SPACE

The Soviet spaceship "Soyuz-13" orbited the earth for eight days from December 18th to 26th in 1973. The captain of the spacecraft was Major Peter Klimuk from the Berastse (Brest-Litousk) region of the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic. Major Klimuk is the third Byelorussian cosmonaut to orbit the earth.

The first Byelorussian in orbit was Yury Gagaryn who, on April 12, 1961, was the first human in space. He circled the earth in 108 minutes in his spaceship satellite "Vostok" (East). Gagaryn was from a village in the region of Smalensk. He died under mysterious circumstances in a plane crash in 1968.

The second Byelorussian cosmonaut was the first woman in space — Valentyna Tserashkova. In 1963 she orbited the earth in the Soviet spaceship "Vostok-6". Her family originally came from a village in the Byelorussian region of Mahileu (Mogilev). They have been living in the R.S.F.S.R. since 1913.

ATTACK ON OLGA KORBUT

On December 4, 1973 an article by Larissa Latynina, a gold medalist at previous Olympics and now the coach of the Soviet Union Women's Gymnastics Team, was printed in the *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, a Communist youth newspaper.

In her article, "Look at Gymnastics", Latynina emphasized the fact that Soviet gymnastics has always been a collective effort and never should be the triumph of the individual gymnast. Further, she comments that Ludmilla Turishcheva is the leader of Soviet gymnastics. The audiences and the press are infatuated with Olga Korbut, and this popularity actually overshadows Turishcheva's performances, but Olga's popularity does not make her the leader of Soviet gymnastics. The right to be the leader must be earned and, according to Latynina, Turishcheva has earned that right.

Furthermore, she states in her article that those who are infatuated with Olga say: "If only she had not slipped in Munich . . . or if she didn't injure her leg in London . . . ." But this is just it. This is where one finds out who really is the best and not an average or even a good athlete. This is where the strength of the leader lies. The leader must know how to act under any conditions. Therefore, according to Latynina, to be the leader one must first of all be a true human being; that is, one must be honest with the sport, oneself and one must be true to his glory and especially to the glory of others. Olga Korbut is lacking these qualities. There are many stars like Olga in Soviet gymnastics, but there is only one leader, Ludmilla Turishcheva.

The Arrival of the Troupe

Away from the zeal of the bagpiping Scotsmen,
I ambled, cuddling a slogan in front
In the night glare of the lights, eyeing the management.
And as we quietly paced, a bus broke our ranks:
Heckles and jeers and threatening sneers —
The Soviet Redmen had begun to arrive!
They whisked into the lobby, we wearily paced on,
Making quiet words amongst ourselves,
Doggedly awaiting the major troupe,
Patient with time, until finally, a bus —
Then two, then three, then four, then five, had arrived.
And the bluemen contained us, the weary troupe unpacked.
A Russian monologue yelled from our ranks,
We hackled again, (we) cursed the curious, and dispersed.
Now the Red Army knows, unlike the Scots, they are not
invited by their intended victims.

George Akula
Toronto, Canada

WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN?

Come to me my darling
Can't you hear me calling?
Down on my knees, I beg you.
Can't you see me falling?
Will you leave me forever
Will you crush me like our flower?
Come to me, I beg you
I'm under your power.
What can I do to get you back,
What is it you want that I lack?
I weep in bed and think of you
And hope my thoughts will soon come true.
My tears like a river flow
My love like flowers grow.
I want you back, can't you see
How long will you be away from me?

Vera Zaprudnik
Jamaica, New York

The articles from the series, *The Land of Polacak* will be printed in the next issues.

BOOK REVIEW

by True Davidson

Tomorrow is Yesterday is the title of the first novel written in English by a well-known Byelorussian author, Kastus Akula, whose two previous novels won wide acclaim. But tomorrow is not yesterday, as he well knows. Mr. Akula was only fourteen when the second World War broke out. At nineteen he joined the cadet school of the Byelorussian Country Defence, and ended up with the British Eighth Army in Italy.

In 1947 he came to Ontario and worked on a farm for two years before he became involved in industry and settled in Toronto. This book, published by Pahonia, the Byelorussian Publishers and Arts Club, at $5, is the best war story I have seen emanating from the occupied countries.

It is not exactly a book for summer reading any more than *Graves Without Crosses*, by Arved Viirlaid, published by Clarke, Irwin at $9.50 and mentioned in a previous column. Both give the grim details of rape, torture, wanton murder, brutality and degradation inflicted on a peaceful people by German and Russian alike. Both are shot through with a deep spiritual awareness.

But there is a sense of despair in Mr. Viirlaid's book. The hero Taavi, realizes that he could not do anything "if the day of the final battle did not come . . . he had put everything without reservation into the battle that was not yet finished." He decided to try to cross the sea, leaving his wife and mother, too sick and worn down to attempt the trip, among the "nameless thousands, tens of thousands, millions of people . . . in the grey evening at the mercy of the night."

If Taavi believed they were really lost he could not go on living. When the new day arrives, "they will be those who have redeemed humanity in their graves without crosses." The tone is beautiful but tragic.

Mr. Akula's book offers hope, for it offers love. Taavi and his companions, in *Graves Without Crosses*, have gone through too much for such feelings. They have been numbed.

But Mr. Akula's central character is a woman, and few women have ever endured so greatly, or sunk so low, that they could not be redeemed by love.

Mary Karaway suffers under the successive ravaging bands that destroy her country. She loses her husband in action; her mother and two children at the hands of a renegade whom they had nursed back from the verge of death and who repaid her by trying to rape her.

Eventually, escaping to Canada, she seeks refuge on the prairies with an old uncle, but his and his wife's ignorance, and their son's death, fighting in Normandy, have made them an easy prey to Communist propaganda.

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They decide Mary must be a fascist or she would not complain about the Russians. They put her out and she comes east to Toronto where a Communist-sponsored paper has reported that her German betrayer and the murderer of her family, is living under another name.

In Mary's case, however, she makes the acquaintance of Bergdorf's young wife and becomes very fond of his two children. She consults her priest about her "duty" to punish Bergdorf's crime, since she has discovered the law cannot touch him. But of course the priest forbids her to take it into her own hands.

Finally, urged by Bergdorf's wife, Mary tells her own story, though using other names, and Bergdorf sees she has recognized him, though his wife Erna suspects nothing. The following morning when Mary is waiting for her bus, he forces her into his car, to take her where he tells her she'll need no return ticket."

In the ensuing struggle there is an accident and he is killed. By his desire to destroy her, he has destroyed himself. Mary is guiltless and free to look forward to a new love and a new life. Her love for Erna and the children and her love of God have saved her.

Every Canadian should read these two books and make every effort to provide every wounded mind and heart he encounters with the love and hope to enable life to begin again. The world has always been full of suffering and death, and it does not help to rail at brutal strangers when we cannot handle our own criminals and delinquents properly.

Every life that finds fulfillment here is a victory for Canada.

Printed in: *The Toronto Sun*, July 12, 1973 and
Canadian Scene, No. 891

ART NEWS

An exhibition of Byelorussian Artists from Europe and America opened at the Byelorussian Center in Brooklyn, New York on December 9, 1973. Nineteen artists in all were represented in the exhibit. It was truly a melting pot of talent — young and old, amateurs and professionals, men and women. The only common denominator in this heterogeneous mixture was that all the participants were of Byelorussian origin, and most important, they all had the same interest — art. The works of the following artists were exhibited: B. Daniluk, Z. Chaikouski, J. Juchnaviec, N. Kudasow, L. Machniuk, P. Miranovich, M. Naumovich, E. Noryk, I. Rahalewicz, A. Ramanouski (1915-1955), H. Rusak, M. Savko, A. Stahanovich, J. Survilla, V. Symaniec, St. Tamara, X. Tumash, V. Zaunierovich and J. Kozlakowski, the Cultural Affairs Officer of the Byelorussian-American Youth Organization, New York Branch.

Roughly one hundred works were displayed. Due to the limit of space, each participating artist was only allowed approximately four to five works, depending on size. Two European artists whose works were difficult to transport were represented by photographs of their works. Styles and interests ranged from the traditional to the abstract, exploring every feasible medium.

On the day of the opening there was a severe rainstorm making traveling hazardous, but despite the adverse conditions many people came from New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Even Canada had a large contingent.

The exhibit was successfully organized by Dr. Vitaut Tumash who on opening day warmly introduced each individual artist. Upon being introduced, each artist was pinned with a red carnation in order to honor him and make him easily distinguishable from the other guests. Here I must give honorable mention to Mr. Vladimir Rusak and Dr. B. Ragula, who were extremely helpful in pinning flowers, particularly on the lady artists. They did their job with gusto, great enthusiasm and charm. I suspect gender was more of the appreciative factor than art. Regardless of motive, chivalry is still rampant in Byelorussian circles.

To add to the festive atmosphere, punch and a luscious buffet were prepared by a fellow participating artist, Ms. N. Kudasow, who showed off her culinary art as well. She was assisted by Ms. L. Machniuk and Ms. I. Rahalewicz. The exhibit's amiable atmosphere was probably due in part to the delicious punch served by the ladies. The table was decorated beautifully with boughs of holly and springs of pine, compliments of Ms. Kudasow's lovely garden.

Especially impressive were the cordial relations between amateurs and professionals alike. There was no animosity, envy or prima donna-like behavior. The amateurs and longstanding artists gave mutual respect and encouragement to either the novice's efforts or to the well-trained hand of the professional artist. Criticism was taken in stride and there was enough variety of styles or lack thereof to make the exhibit interesting, eye provoking and challenging.

Most of the artists were parents of our young subscribers, which makes me think that the Byelorussian "Moladz" with such a rich, genetically artistic heritage should eventually hold its own art exhibit.

Jaraslava Tumash

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BYELORUSSIAN YOUTH ACTIVITY

October 7, 1973 the Los Angeles Branch of BAYO organized their first picnic at North Hollywood Park, California.

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On Sunday November 4, 1973, the Annual General Meeting of the Byelorussian Canadian Youth Association was held in Toronto, Ontario. Future plans were discussed, and the new executives were elected as follows: Paul Pashkievich — President, Jim Charewich — (Oshawa) — Vice-President, Janet Kosciukievich — Secretary, Valerie Welesnicki — Treasurer, Eva Pashkievich — Cultural Affairs Officer, and Roland Tielesh — Sports Convener.

***

The Annual Meeting of the New Jersey Branch was held on December 1, 1973 at the parish hall of St. Mary's Byelorussian Autocephalic Orthodox Church in Highland Park, New Jersey. The Rev. Vasil Kendysh opened the meeting with a prayer. Gene Lysiuk was then elected chairman of the presidium and Anna Bojczuk was elected secretary of the presidium.

Raisa Stankievic, national president of the BAYO, Russel Wojtenko, president of the Byelorussian American Association in New Jersey and Mr. Jan Azarko greeted the members present.

After reading of reports the following members were elected to the Executive Committee: George Azarko, president; Alherd Kazura, vice-president; Luda Rusak, recording secretary; Anna Bojczuk, corresponding secretary; Irene Azarko, treasurer; and Helen Silwanowicz, cultural affairs officer. Gene Lysiuk was again elected as advisor of the Committee.

Plans for the future were also discussed such as the New Jersey folk dancing group and its performances and the traditional Christmas caroling. Alherd Kazura had an interesting suggestion, which was to devote the coming year to the education of Americans of the differences between the Byelorussian and Russian people and cultures.

The meeting was closed with the singing of the Byelorussian National Anthem.

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December 1 and 2, 1973 Jadviga Najdziuk, a member of the Los Angeles Branch was in the cast of the play "Time-Upon-A-Once" which was staged at the Bishop Conaty Auditorium in Los Angeles.

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December 2, 1973 the Byelorussian community in Melbourne, Australia commemorated the 53rd Anniversary of the Slucak Uprising. Byelorussian youth who attend the Byelorussian school participated in the program. Alla Korbut read a speech about the uprising in the English language, and then students of the Byelorussian school recited Byelorussian poems.

***

December 8, 1973 the BAYO in New York organized their first youth dance. Those who came had a lot of fun. A special attraction was the funny gifts which some members received unexpectedly, since it was St. Nicholas Day.

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Byelorussian youth from Melbourne, Australia Christmas caroling

December 9, 1973 the New York folk dancing group Miacielica performed two Byelorussian folk dances, Bulba and Vianochki, at a commemorative program honoring the 25th Anniversary of the adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, by the General Assembly of the United Nations. The Byelorussian group was the only one performing in the program, which took place in Mountain Lakes, New Jersey.

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During the Christmas season, Byelorussians in various parts of the world from Melbourne, Australia to New Brunswick, New Jersey, continued the old tradition of caroling. This tradition involves a group of singers carrying a star, who travel from house to house cheering many families with their Christmas songs.

***

January 13, 1974 was a very important day for students of the Byelorussian school in Melbourne, Australia. On this day the closing of the school year took place. Mr. Nikan, the director of the school gave a speech and then report cards as well as awards in the form of Byelorussian books were distributed. There was also a show, put on by the students with the help of their teachers. Byelorussian poems were recited by Eugene Hushcha, Alla Korbut, Philip Hrytsuk, Yurka Korbut, Vincent Hreskouski and Hanna Korbut. After the program there was an exhibit of works done by the students. Byelorussian printings were also exhibited among which was also our periodical *Byelorussian Youth.*

On Sunday January 13, the annual Christmas party and concert were held at St. Euphrasinia Parish Hall in Toronto, Ontario.

The program mainly consisted of songs, dances, poems, and a play performed by little artists who are the products of Saturday classes of the Byelorussian language, singing and dancing. Other children contributed their musical talents to the show as well.

As usual the highlight of the whole affair was the arrival of Jolly Old St. Nick. There was silence at first, but a minute after the dear old boy was settled, there was utter chaos and confusion. Each of those little critters were a bit too anxious to receive their bag of goodies, and the result was a mob of kids swarming the guest of honor. He lost a few whiskers, but managed to leave with his feathery belly still intact.

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January 19, 1974 was the date for the Third Annual Headquarters Dance which took place at Schack's Hall in South River, New Jersey. Entertainment by the New York folk dancing group Miacielica created a true Byelorussian atmosphere, inspiring everyone to join in and do Lavonicha. J. Zydowicz's band provided a variety of fine music throughout the evening. During one of the musicians' breaks, George Kuryllo put on a small show involving audience participation and strange prizes. All in all, it was an interesting evening for those who came.

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Halina Tumash after her election as Miss Sport-73 at Belair Miensk

Halina Tumash, a student at City College of New York and a member of the girls' volleyball team at the Vanderbilt YMCA, is also a very active member of the Byelorussian-American Youth Organization. For several years she was an officer of the New York Branch and also served on the Headquarters Executive Committee. During 1972-1973, Halina was the president of the New York Branch. With her help the New York folk dancing group Miacielica was organized in 1971, and from that time onward the group benefited from her five years of experience with the former New York-New Jersey folk dance group. At Talent Show-73, Miacielica tied for first place with the Canadian group — Lavonicha.

Last year Halina became Miss Sport '73 during the Sports Weekend at Belair Miensk, after participating in the swimming, high jump, and volleyball competitions.

Presently Halina is the treasurer and technical editor of *Byelorussian Youth.* She is a first generation American born in New York City and proud of her ethnic heritage.

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BAYO-New York skiers at Hunter Mountain, N. Y.

On Friday, January 25, 1974, Lexington, New York was invaded by a group of fun-loving BAYO skiers and friends. After a long but merry drive, we arrived at 11 PM at the Lexington Hotel, a few miles from Hunter Mountain. Excited, anticipating a good day of skiing Saturday, it took us quite a while to finally settle down.

Saturday, after renting equipment, we all headed for the slopes. The weather was warm and sunny and the skiing was pleasant. That evening, after a short but well-deserved rest, we were ready for more. At 10 PM, most of us joined a country western style dance at the hotel. It wasn't till 4 AM Sunday that we hit the sack, after much persuasion from the older members of our group.

By Sunday afternoon, the aches and pains no longer went unnoticed, but that didn't stop us. We only had a few hours and we made good use of them. After a hearty supper, our tired but contented group left Lexington.

Despite the problems, bruises and sore muscles, we all had a great time and are anxiously awaiting the next trip, so, why not join us?

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CONGRATULATIONS!

To Helen Kazura and Karl Buford Hill, who were married on November 17, 1973 at the Kirkpatrick Chapel in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

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Young Byelorussian graduates from Sidney, Australia are: Maryla Smal, the best student of her high school, is planning to attend the University of Sidney; Nelly Luzhynskaya obtained her Bachelor of Arts degree; Yurka Kachan and Yurka Narushevich both received their Bachelor of Science degrees.

Best wishes to all of you from *Byelorussian Youth.*

LOOKING FOR PEN PALS!

A 17-year. -old girl, MICHEL HRYCE from Australia, wants to correspond with young Byelorussians from the United States.

Her address is:

20 King Edward Street
Rockdale, N. S. W.
Australia, 2216.

In case there are others of you who would like to have pen pals, send in your addresses to Byelorussian Youth. This is a good way to make friends overseas.

TO MY YOUNG FRIENDS

Let me introduce myself to you as your steadfast friend who loves all of you from the bottom of his heart and who would give you the best of all that he has.

First, I want to tell you how much I hate writing this letter to you in English instead of using that friendly, ancient tongue of ours which we've inherited from our forefathers. Well, English is no doubt an excellent means of communication, especially between people of different cultural backgrounds, but I hope you'll agree with me that in the situations of intimate privacy, between ourselves so to speak—which is the case with this little magazine of yours—we should be our real "selves", i.e. we should speak our own language, read our great poets in original, and generally enjoy our inborn, unrepeatedly our own Byelorussian culture in a close-knit family atmosphere. We should aspire to this not because we want to put a barrier between ourselves and the rest of the world, but because we have our distinct language and great cultural traditions with the tragic history of our old country, given to us beforehand, all of which by its mere existence sets us apart from the other people around us quite irrespective of our own will. This is a fact of life which concerns not only us but also every other minority people of this country. Yet we are lucky because none here is compelled to abandon his native traditions. On the contrary, all are encouraged to cultivate and develop them in order to bring about, in the long

run, the enrichment of the total cultural pool of this great nation. A great, humane idea of democracy at work.

A personal question to every one of you: Do you know enough of the language, cultural traditions and history of our people as to be of real help to the general effort of our minority here to make a significant contribution to America's culture? I think it would be somewhat unrealistic to expect too many affirmative answers. I know personally several individuals from among you who are busy making their contribution right now by actively participating in organizational work, in producing this magazine, in preparing various exhibitions, by partaking in the song and dance groups, etcetera. But this is just a drop in the bucket. The great majority of you stay out of this because you either don't know what it's all about, or you don't understand what's going on, or probably you just don't care about it. All this is easily correctible as all sins of omission are.

To many of you problem of language appears to be the most serious one. So it also looked to me until recently, but an accidental encounter radically changed my thinking on the subject. A few months ago I visited our community center in a provincial town and was pleasantly surprised by a young man, whom I haven't seen for quite a while, who now greeted me in flawless Byelorussian which he spoke effortlessly, with considerable ease and charm. I remembered him from my Sunday school class, a rather retarded 12-year-old boy who would hardly pronounce correctly even a few words not to speak of his horrible grammar. So, naturally, I rushed to congratulate him on that great deal of studying he must have done to achieve such striking results. "Oh, no!" — he exclaimed — "I haven't done very much studying at all. All I did was just to change my attitude towards the language. Previously I simply didn't notice it, or considered it a mere nuisance. Lately I started listening with more attention to the talks of my parents and their friends and discovered to my amazement that I could understand evry single word they spoke. So it came to me that it would be a shame to waste for nothing such a knowledge of an extra language. Only then I took to the books—just a little bit, you know, just to brush up on my long forgotten Sunday school stuff—and here I am, happy to see people surprised at hearing me speak it so freely."

Thus the key to that seemingly tough problem is in your own hands — a basic change in your orientation is needed. You see, when you grow up there comes a time to shed the attitudes of your childhood and to start acquiring those of a mature mind. Most of you still have that golden opportunity to learn our native language the easiest way of all — by speaking it at home, in your family, and later augmenting this basic knowledge in your spare time by a short but serious, high powered study of the rules of grammar and those of writing. In this way you'll make sure that rich practical experience of childhood with your mother tongue won't get lost on you;

it'll be effectively fortified in your maturing mind which'll reward you with the ability not only to speak correctly and intelligently, but also to read our poetry, novels, scientific articles and books in original and, eventually, even to try your own hand at writing in it. A prospect worth your while, I think.

Is all this possible, one might ask? Well, I for one have seen it work many times. Moreover, I'll tell you that with proper attitudes much more serious, sometimes outstanding things are possible. As an example I'll quote something very recent, very unusual, almost incredible.

Even as late as the beginning of the 19th century there were places around Lueneburg (in present West Germany, southwest of the lower Elbe) where Polabian, the most ancient of all Slavonic languages, was still spoken. Consequently it died out completely and nobody has spoken it ever since. Yes, that was so until the summer of 1973 when it was heard again at the 7th Congress of Slavists in Warsaw: A West German educator, Reinhold Olesch, read a full lecture there in that difficult tongue thus putting to shame thousands of "native" Slavists, among them quite a few specialists in Polabian, none of whom could even approximate his feat. Apparently none of them considered it even possible. Now it is on record that with proper attitude, and diligence of course, it is possible to become the only man on earth who can speak a long dead language. Think only how infinitely small in comparison is your problem with Byelorussian, a language by its antiquity probably next to the Polabian but luckily still spoken by many people around the world. To know it is your luck, a privilege and an inborn right rather than a vexatious obligation before your parents and teachers.

I wish you all lots of luck and every success in your life.

Very truly yours, Piotra Vishnieuski

На часапіс „Беларуская Моладзь" у касу адміністрацыі паступілі наступныя грашавыя ахвяры: Сп-ня А. Каранеўская — 29.88 дал., С. Каранеўскі — 14.94 дал., Я Качан — 14.94 дал., Л. Нярушэвіч — 14.94 дал., А. Беленіс — 10 дал., Б. Даніловіч — 10 дал., В. Махнач — 10 дал., Л. Русак — 10 дал., Я. Шастаковіч — 10 дал., С. Кірылік — 6 дал., А. Орса — 5 дал., С. Рагалевіч — 5 дал., В. Стома — 5 дал., Р. Войтанка — 5 дал., А. Маркевіч — 4 дал., К. Акула — 1 дал., П. Міpановіч — 1 дал. Разам — 156.70 даляраў.

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